

We Wish You One and All

A Merry Christmas

and thank you for the liberal patronage given us during our first year in business—which has been very satisfactory. Trusting we may share the same liberal patronage during the year 1913, assuring you we will put forth every effort to give the highest quality of merchandise at the lowest possible price.

All Suits and Overcoats will be
Sold at a Discount of 35%

We announce the beginning
of our Pre-Inventory Sale which will
take effect immediately after Xmas.



Christmas With Bandits

The Tragic Experience of an El Pasoan and a Bostonian in Mexico in 1882.

By L. H. Davis

On the day before Christmas, December 23, 1882, Ed. Baker and I started on horseback in the early forenoon from Joe Faut's old stone cabin at the old Cantonment mine, which was perched picturesquely on the slope of a high butte of the Sierra de Los Arados, 20 miles west of Moctezuma, the station of the Mexican Central railroad half way between El Paso and Chihuahua, Mexico. We were going to the Santa Lucia mine, a Spanish antiquary 25 miles west from the cabin in a spur of the Santa Lucia range, whose shadowy outlines were just visible in the distance, far across the valley of the Carman river and the mesquite and greasewood covered plains beyond.

"Be careful mit yourselves, boys," shouted old Joe, or "Buffalo Joe," as he called him, who was an old buffalo hunter and Indian fighter, he claimed. Anyhow, he was a scar-faced old Teuton, who had lived in Arizona many years. "By golly, boys," said he, "I hate to see you go over there, for there are lots of Apaches over there, and there are bandits in the bosques who are almost as bad. I saw their signal fires in the mountains only last night. So be careful and don't stay out too late."

Headless of his warning, we rode gaily down the long winding trail, to the plain and trotted our horses westward, crossing finally the dry bed of the river and onward over the desert of mesquites and greasewood toward the old mine.

A Boston Boy.

Ed. Baker was a Boston boy, who had some months before dropped into El Paso, then a little frontier town, and had become a clerk in the Rio Grande pharmacy, under the management of Joe Pollard. He soon became a great favorite among the young men on account of his innocence of the ways of the far west, and for his quaint Yankee patois. Before coming here his only experiences had been in Boston commons and the environments of that city. He was proud of his Puritan ancestry and the consciousness that he was descended from the old soldiers that under Miles Standish fought Indians and exterminated old King Uncas and his Pequod tribe in the brave days of old. He longed for an adventure and yearned for a chance to decorate his belt with an Apache scalp, or to return east laden with a few hides of bear, deer, panther and antelope, which he heard were so plentiful in northern Mexico. I had told

him about seeing several thousand antelope galloping over the plain west of Moctezuma, and he asked to accompany me on one of my frequent trips there to my mines. So, finally, he went down there with me, just one week before he intended to return to Boston.

Tenderfoot a Good Shot.

On that morning as we rode to the old mine, I carried an old Springfield rifle and Baker carried a small, pearl handled pistol, which seemed like a toy in comparison to the big Colt's 45 that almost everyone carried at that time. With silent disdain, I thought to myself: "What a weapon he has to fight Indians with." But my disdain soon turned to admiration when I saw him shoot the heads off quails and cottontail rabbits, and kill a hawk flying overhead, as he rode on a full trot. I have never seen a more wonderful pistol shot in the west. With utter sangfroid, he remarked: "That's nothing." Noting my surprise, he told me that he held the medal as the champion pistol shot in a sporting club in Boston. My confidence in his eyes was strong and I realized that my companion, although a tenderfoot, was a formidable antagonist at close range and might slaughter a dozen Apaches while I, with my long rifle, could only bag one or two, if need be.

A Handsome Tenderfoot.

Ed. looked handsome, as we rode along. His eyes were blue and his hair was brown, and he had ruddy cheeks and the clear complexion common to the natives of the seacoast. He was of medium size and as agile as a panther. He told me as we jogged along that upon returning to El Paso he would return to old Boston to wed a blonde maiden named Jennie, to whom he was engaged, whose mind was filled with romance and of Longfellow's story of Hiawatha. She was to him his Minnehaha, his starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and he wanted to return like Hiawatha, laden with the red deer to throw at her feet.

The Visit at the Mine.

Reaching the mine that afternoon, we spent several hours in exploring its labyrinthine underground recesses, to which we had descended on potholed poles, or "chicken ladders." When we ascended to the surface, it was getting dark and a blizzard had begun to rage. Hurriedly mounting our horses, we started back to old Joe's cabin, over the wide plain and valley, and finally lost our bearings in the middle of the

jungles of mesquite. Seeking shelter under some tall mesquites, we camped for the night, building a fire and eating the small remnants of lunch that Joe had given us, after staking our animals nearby. We used our saddles for pillows and the blankets to cover us, and soon dozed off to sleep, at least I did.

Indians, Indians!

Suddenly I was awakened by a shrill shriek and saw Baker jump to his feet, as he cried: "Indians, Davis. For God's sake, get your gun and fight, for we are in for it." With that he began firing toward a light we saw to the east, possibly an eighth of a mile. It was all so sudden that I also began firing at the light, which we fancied was carried by some Indians trailing us. The light suddenly disappeared and then reappeared and then disappeared for good. "Baker," said I, "you have killed one of them, and we had better get out of here quick or we will be massacred." We kicked out the chunks of mesquite roots and smothered the fire. He first saddled his horse while I stood guard. Then while I was finishing placing my saddle and bridle on my horse, he yelled: "Look out, Davis, there's an Indian right behind you, and began shooting right over my head and around me in the dim light of the flickering embers of the campfire.

The Escape.

He then mounted and dashed away, crying: "Come this way." Meanwhile, my horse was prancing like mad and rearing up on his hind legs while I clung to the bridle, and he dragged me several yards through the brush, cactus and mesquite thorns. I was maddened with the pain and for the moment forgot Indians and danger, and swore at Baker, but soon mounted and flew after him in the darkness. How I ever saved my gun, I don't know, but I poured forth a volley of abuse at "rank tenderfoot," and commanded Baker to follow me, which he humbly did. We goaded our horses through that uneasy gloom, reversing our course and making a wide detour to avoid meeting any more Indians between us and the river. Every once in a while we would see in the darkness over the tops of trees in front of us what appeared to be the glow of campfires, and then we would shy off at right angles. It seemed as if the entire bosque was alive with the enemy.

Traveling Over the Desert.

In this zigzag course we traveled for hours, in silence, until at last we struck the dry river bed again, which we crossed that morning, following it up several miles, until we came to a pool of water. We dismounted and tied our horses and made our rude beds under a steep gravel bank to protect us from the storm. Weary and worn out and cold we soon fell asleep. When we awoke we and the landscape were covered with snow. We had gone miles out of our direct course. I soon recognized the distant mountains where Joe's cabin was, and wearily and slowly we jogged along toward it, and finally arrived there in the afternoon of that dismal, gloomy Christmas day.

Scolded by Old Joe.

Old Joe scolded us for being such fools as to wander out all night and for keeping him in constant worry for our safety. He hadn't slept a wink all night. When Baker told him what a heroic fight we had put up against a big band of Indians, he gasped and said: "You boys were d—n fools. Why that bosque is alive with as desperate a gang of smugglers as there is in Mexico, and it's a

wonder they didn't kill you. Mine God, boys, you ought to know better than to shoot at them that way." We humbly took his scolding. He then gave us some toddy and ushered us into his dining room, where he had a table groaning with roast turkey, pies, roast potatoes, plum pudding and lots of good cheer, and soon we forgot our terrible experiences on that tragic Christmas eve. As we slept before the huge fireplace we were often awakened by old Joe muttering to himself: "Vat fools those boys be."

Finding the Victim.

Baker returned to El Paso next day and I never saw him again. Shortly afterwards, Joe and I rode over to the scene of our battle. Joe's experienced eye soon detected the body of one victim, pierced with bullets, several yards from the old campfire. "By golly," cried he, "dot was a pretty good shooting. Vat brave boys." Sadly I approached our victim, and saw the cold corpse of a young burro whose spirit had flown to the happy hunting ground. I never shipped that rich carload of ore from Santa Lucia, and I missed Baker's wedding.

THE COURTS.

34th DISTRICT COURT.

Don M. Jackson, Presiding.
Ruperto Hernandez, habeas corpus proceedings; defendant remanded to custody of sheriff.
Stevens et al. vs. Pedragon et al. trespass to try title suit; transferred from 31st district court.
L. L. Hall vs. Texas & Pacific Railway company and Pullman company, suit for damages for \$2575; filed.
Bob Lowe vs. Continental Casualty company, suit on insurance policy; filed.
Horace B. Stevens et al. vs. J. A. Rodgers, trespass to try title; suit filed.

41st DISTRICT COURT.

A. M. Wainwright, Presiding.
H. M. Dougherty et al. vs. Emily Michero, suit on note; filed.
Kinkie vs. Rio Grande Railway company, trespass to try title suit; defendant's motion for a new trial overruled.

JUSTICES COURTS.

W. M. McClinton, Presiding.
W. M. McClinton, charged with theft over \$50; complaint filed; held to grand jury on \$500 bond.
P. S. McCullough vs. Interstate Business Agency, suit for \$119.40; filed.
W. L. Stansberry vs. Interstate Business Agency, suit for \$119.40; filed.
J. J. Murphy, Presiding.
Case Settings.
3796—Sebastian Aguilar vs. Mike McCarthy, 10 a. m.
1682—Low City State bank vs. W. S. Friar, 2 p. m.

December 27.

1739—Chas. H. Lawrence vs. Lion Gray Co., 10 a. m.
1746—S. I. Foreman vs. H. Myer, 2 p. m.

December 28.

1746—J. Porter Bender vs. F. Simmons, 10 a. m.
1758—James M. Casares vs. El Paso Ice and Refrigerator Co., 2 p. m.

January 2.

1715—Santa Fe Hotel Co. vs. Tommy Thompson, 10 a. m.
1775—Owen Wilkinson vs. L. N. Stamper, 2 p. m.

January 3.

1780—Joe Nathan vs. Otto Neydemy et al., 10 a. m.
1751—Jose Escobedo et al. vs. E. J. Fisher, 10 a. m.

January 4.

1787—Prater Bros. vs. W. J. Fowel, 2 p. m.
1761—El Paso County club vs. Thos. M. Walter, 10 a. m.

January 5.

1765—James M. Casares vs. El Paso Ice and Refrigerator Co., 2 p. m.
1715—Santa Fe Hotel Co. vs. Tommy Thompson, 10 a. m.

January 6.

1775—Owen Wilkinson vs. L. N. Stamper, 2 p. m.
1417—John Harbuck vs. Mrs. M. E. Lirdey, 10 a. m.

January 7.

1610—E. W. Earl vs. Marcos Criss, 10 a. m.
1612—Enrique Carreon vs. Dr. J. C. Richey et al., 2 p. m.

January 8.

1685—Jesús May Stevens vs. E. P. & S. W. Ry. Co., 10 a. m.
1735—Francisco Morales vs. Roberto Simpson, 2 p. m.

January 9.

1727—Longwell Transfer Co. vs. El Paso Optical Co., 10 a. m.
1742—Morrison & Fell vs. W. S. Miller, 2 p. m.

January 10.

1729—H. Dawnenberg vs. R. E. Allen et al., 10 a. m.
1735—J. F. Reeves vs. El Paso and Southwestern Ry. Co., 2 p. m.

January 11.

1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.

January 12.

1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.

January 13.

1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.

January 14.

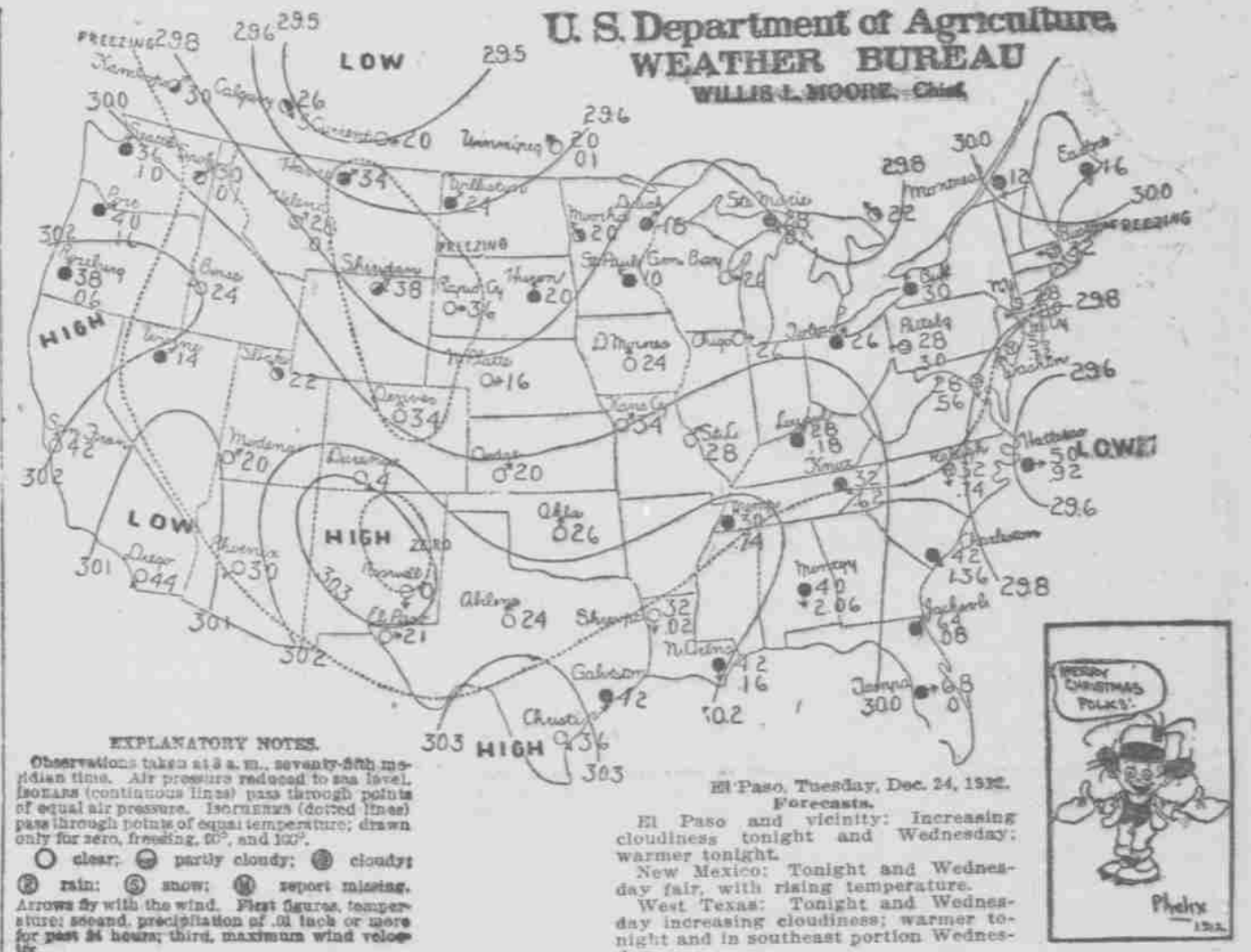
1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.

January 15.

1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.

January 16.

1596—Mayer, Schner, Offner & Co. vs. Chas. Kircor, 10 a. m.



El Paso, Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1912.

Forecasts.

El Paso and vicinity: Increasing cloudiness tonight and Wednesday; warmer tonight.

New Mexico: Tonight and Wednesday fair, with rising temperature.

West Texas: Tonight and Wednesday increasing cloudiness; warmer tonight and in southeast portion Wednesday.

El Paso Readings.

Today. Yesterday. 6 a.m. 6 p.m. Barometer (sea level) 30.35 30.30 Dry thermometer 30.35 30.30 Wet thermometer 20 20 Dew point 20 20 Relative humidity 52 51 Direction of wind W W State of weather Clear. Clear. Highest temperature last 24 hours 49 48 Lowest temperature last 24 hours 12 hours 21

Height of river this morning above fixed zero mark, 11.1 feet. Fall in last 24 hours, 0.1 foot.

AS TO WEATHER FOR CHRISTMAS.

Experts disagree as to the Christmas brand of weather. Col. N. D. Lane says that it will be cloudy, with no precipitation on Wednesday. B. E. Majors, the ex-officio weather forecaster of El Paso, predicts a fair, warm day. Col. Lane's forecast, received from the Washington weather office, says that it will be warmer tonight, with increased cloudiness Wednesday. Majors says that the sun will shine all day and there will be a warm west wind. The temperature Tuesday morning of 6 o'clock was 20 degrees above zero.

There is only one Ragone made.

Allen Arms and Cycle Co. 464 North Oregon Street. Roller skates, the pair. Allen Arms and Cycle Co.

CHRISTMAS RUSH MAKES REALTY BUSINESS DULL.

Everyone is buying Christmas presents. The real estate field feels the effects of the holiday season and trading is at a standstill and will be so until after the beginning of the new year.

JUDGE ENCOURAGES PRISONER AFTER PASSING SENTENCE ON HIM.

San Francisco, Calif., Dec. 24.—Pushed across the Canadian border into the arms of American officers because the treaty between this nation and Canada makes no provision for extraditing escaped prisoners. Jack Black, a convict, was produced in court here and sentenced to serve one year in San Quentin prison on a charge for which he had previously been sentenced to 25 years.

In gratitude he made a long statement of his career to the court. Judge Dunne said in reply: "Few men, Black, who have passed through what you have, seem to realize that their work of redemption lies largely with themselves and that their future is in their own hands. That you have arrived at this conclusion is in your favor and I believe that there still is hope for you."

THOSE COUNTY ROAD BONDS.

Bond elections come so often in El Paso that we have come to consider them as one of our permanent industries. In a recent letter to The Herald, the taxpayers' post Saturday, and wanted to know if the money was really needed and, if so, where, but up to date no one has attempted to answer Mr. Campbell's request for this information. An attempt was made in the morning paper to put Judge Elyar forward as a sponsor for this bond issue, but I fail to see where the judge says that the county needs the money and, unless the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Neither Judge Elyar nor the members of the commissioners' court are favorable to the bond issue. The county commissioners' court called this election because a petition was handed in asking it to do so, and it could not do otherwise. If the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Let me point out another matter that should not be overlooked. Every road that is spent in building a paved road means a maintenance expense, for you cannot construct, repair and then go and leave them. From the day the road is used the wear begins, and it would be a very conservative estimate to figure on 5 percent as a cost of maintenance which, on a \$400,000 road, would be an additional amount of \$20,000 to be raised annually by direct taxation.

The men who have been telling us that by issuing bonds taxes would be reduced probably forgot all about maintenance cost when they made this absurd statement. Under present conditions, in El Paso a dozen men can get together and work through most any kind of a scheme to serve their personal ends, and we are being loaded down with bonded debts and have lit-

LETTERS TO THE HERALD.

All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.

THANKS THE CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

El Paso, Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1912.
Editor El Paso Herald:
The writer is in receipt of a very handsome Christmas card, that certainly appreciates coming from the United Daughters of the Confederacy and signed by Mrs. A. R. Barlow, president and Mrs. E. Kelly, vice president of the local chapter. Allow me to thank them for these Christmas greetings, and to wish that they may live to see many Christmases. A kind word never dies.

Ben Moore.

THOSE COUNTY ROAD BONDS.

Bond elections come so often in El Paso that we have come to consider them as one of our permanent industries. In a recent letter to The Herald, the taxpayers' post Saturday, and wanted to know if the money was really needed and, if so, where, but up to date no one has attempted to answer Mr. Campbell's request for this information. An attempt was made in the morning paper to put Judge Elyar forward as a sponsor for this bond issue, but I fail to see where the judge says that the county needs the money and, unless the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Neither Judge Elyar nor the members of the commissioners' court are favorable to the bond issue. The county commissioners' court called this election because a petition was handed in asking it to do so, and it could not do otherwise. If the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Let me point out another matter that should not be overlooked. Every road that is spent in building a paved road means a maintenance expense, for you cannot construct, repair and then go and leave them. From the day the road is used the wear begins, and it would be a very conservative estimate to figure on 5 percent as a cost of maintenance which, on a \$400,000 road, would be an additional amount of \$20,000 to be raised annually by direct taxation.

The men who have been telling us that by issuing bonds taxes would be reduced probably forgot all about maintenance cost when they made this absurd statement. Under present conditions, in El Paso a dozen men can get together and work through most any kind of a scheme to serve their personal ends, and we are being loaded down with bonded debts and have lit-

LETTERS TO THE HERALD.

All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.

THANKS THE CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

El Paso, Tuesday, Dec. 24, 1912.
Editor El Paso Herald:
The writer is in receipt of a very handsome Christmas card, that certainly appreciates coming from the United Daughters of the Confederacy and signed by Mrs. A. R. Barlow, president and Mrs. E. Kelly, vice president of the local chapter. Allow me to thank them for these Christmas greetings, and to wish that they may live to see many Christmases. A kind word never dies.

Ben Moore.

THOSE COUNTY ROAD BONDS.

Bond elections come so often in El Paso that we have come to consider them as one of our permanent industries. In a recent letter to The Herald, the taxpayers' post Saturday, and wanted to know if the money was really needed and, if so, where, but up to date no one has attempted to answer Mr. Campbell's request for this information. An attempt was made in the morning paper to put Judge Elyar forward as a sponsor for this bond issue, but I fail to see where the judge says that the county needs the money and, unless the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Neither Judge Elyar nor the members of the commissioners' court are favorable to the bond issue. The county commissioners' court called this election because a petition was handed in asking it to do so, and it could not do otherwise. If the money is used to build a better road system, it will be a waste of the county's money.

Let me point out another matter that should not be overlooked. Every road that is spent in building a paved road means a maintenance expense, for you cannot construct, repair and then go and leave them. From the day the road is used the wear begins, and it would be a very conservative estimate to figure on 5 percent as a cost of maintenance which, on a \$400,000 road, would be an additional amount of \$20,000 to be raised annually by direct taxation.

The men who have been telling us that by issuing bonds taxes would be reduced probably forgot all about maintenance cost when they made this absurd statement. Under present conditions, in El Paso a dozen men can get together and work through most any kind of a scheme to serve their personal ends, and we are being loaded down with bonded debts and have lit-

Daffydils

SPEAKING OF THE SNOWS THAT FALL IN THE WINTER, SUMMER HEAVY AND SUMMER LIGHT—THAT'S A GOOD ONE TO SPRING.

GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED.
TA-RA-RA-RA-ZAM!
TAMBO—"AH SAY, MISTAH IN-TE LOCUTAH, DID YUH EVAH KNOW THAT AH WAS A BIG GAME HUNTAH?"
INTERLOCUTOR—"WHY, NO, TAMBO, WHAT DID YOU EVER SHOOT?"
TAMBO—"AH ONCE SHOT A LION DAT WAS 17 FEET LONG, WHAT DYE THINK OB DAT?"
INTERLOCUTOR—"WHY, THAT'S SOME LYIN', TAMBO!"
GO WAN, HIT ME HIT ME!

THE COUNTRY HOP WAS IN FULL SWING. THE ORCHESTRA FIDLED, AND CALLED THE DIFFERENT STEPS OF THE LANKERS 'SWING YER PARDS' HE SHOUTED, AND SAWED HIS FIDDLE. EVERYTHING WAS MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL, WHEN SUDDENLY THE ORCHESTRA STOOD UP, AND FROM HIS LIPS CAME THE FATEFUL WORDS—"IF YOU CAN MAKE A BELL HOP CAN YOU MAKE A BARNDANCE?"
AVE A CARE OW YOU'NDLE 'IM.

WHY DON'T CHA TALK AM CUT THAT AWK?
A SILLIER WORD I NEVER HEARD
OOH! I IM-PLORE JUST ONE WORD MORE.
HEY WOT ARE YUH?
I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE AWK IN TALK.

PETE

Wishing You

A Merry Christmas

and Many Happy Returns of the day

HOME OF LOW PRICES

Boston Store

J. STOLAROFF

316 & 18 E. OVERLAND ST.